

Pleasant Grove Review

PLEASANT GROVE REVIEW, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915.

NUMBER 34

Council Appoints Judges of Election

The Council held a regular session Tuesday evening and appointed the judges of election: Mrs. Christina Clay, No. 2; Mrs. S. Humphries, No. 3; Miss Janet Bullock, No. 4; and Mrs. A. H. Olson, No. 5.

The Council also transacted certain business of the water of Grove and Battle Creek. A. Fugal stated that the water of the creek was being diverted from their accustomed use and that they were being diverted for domestic purposes. Councilman Olpin requested that the head waters of Battle Creek be properly protected and that stock having access there be referred to the committees.

The street supervisor was instructed to collect the poll tax and to report to the city attorney. The city attorney was also instructed to get in readiness to commence work on grading the road in connection with the street supervisor.

Second Will Build Meeting House

Members of the new London ward are showing commendable interest by deciding to commence early date on the erection of a new meeting house. It will be on the State Road about one mile south of the London Amusement park opposite Carl Hanson's shop. Mr. Hanson has donated this acre of ground to the ward for church purposes.

Machine Passes Over Man Twice

Clinger met with an accident Tuesday that may cause his death. A machine was stopped just as he was crossing the ditch. Mr. Clinger was under the machine to get it going. When the engineer, not knowing of his being there, backed the machine over Mr. Clinger breaking his collar bone and several ribs. The men called out but because of the steam the engineer misunderstood their calls and pulled the machine over his body again.

The machine was just leaving Arden's place and it was he who got him out from his perilous position.

Royal Gwents Coming

The Royal Gwent Welsh Singers who have been the people in the Stake Tabernacle so highly several months ago are coming to Pleasant Grove on Nov. 23. A part of this company went down to the ill fated Lusitania. One who was on the boat but was saved will tell of his experience between the numbers.

Organizing Farm Bureaus

County Farm Demonstrator, A. P. McIntyre of Provo, and J. W. Paxson of Nephi organized Farmer's Bureaus here this week, one at Manila Tuesday night, one at London Wednesday night, and one in Pleasant Grove last night. These are the first to be organized in Utah County, and will be part of a big county organization that will be made up of representatives from local bureaus in each ward.

Each organization has a separate set of by laws and rules, and when twenty members, is entitled to be a member on the county board. The general organization will look up the members, and keep its members posted on prices and the best places to sell their crops, etc. At present, it is intended to limit the field of activity to marketing and giving out information. It will later develop other branches.

R. D. Wadley and Chester Pulley were appointed a committee on membership. They will call another meeting in Manila and the organization will be perfected.

I will be at my store every Monday and Tuesday commencing Nov. 23rd, and until further notice to receive taxes. Ole Anderson, Deputy Collector.

Mrs. Elsie Westphal Dies at Age of 79

Crossed The Ocean on a Sailing Vessel And The Plains by Ox Team.

Mrs. Elsie Mickelson Westphal, wife of the late John F. Westphal, died Tuesday at the home of her son, Dr. C. F. Westphal. She was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, December 19, 1836. With her husband she joined the Mormon church and emigrated to Utah in 1860, crossing the ocean on a sailing vessel, and the plains by ox team. Her husband died fifteen years ago. Her early Utah life was spent in Provo and in 1891 she moved to Pleasant Grove. She was hale and hearty up to a short time ago and always insisted on doing her own work.

She had a stroke of paralysis about two weeks ago causing her to lose to use of her lower limbs, and a week later she passed away.

The children who survive are John Westphal of Nevada, Mrs. Christina Hanson of Salt Lake, Jacob and Charles Westphal of this city and Mrs. Ray Foster of Pocatello. She leaves a brother, Charles Mickelson in Brigham City.

At the funeral which was held in the Tabernacle Thursday afternoon, Joseph Hilton of the Third Ward Bishopric presided. The speakers were Bishop James H. Walker, Andrew Knudson of Provo, Bishop S. L. Swenson and C. L. Warnick. C. E. Thomas gave the opening prayer and Mayor Harvey the benediction.

John Ellis Celebrates His 79th Birthday

Mrs. Hattie Hayes and Mrs. Mattie Hill were the prime movers in a very successful surprise on Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis of Manila.

The occasion was Mr. Ellis' 79th birthday, and as they have no children of their own to "come home" for the event, these ladies thought it would be fitting to take the matter in charge themselves, as life-long friends and neighbors of the Ellis family.

The evening was largely spent in partaking of the bounteous repast which the ladies provided; songs, games and speeches filled in the remainder of the evening. The victims were made very happy by the innovation.

Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames J. R. Halliday, S. L. Swenson, W. L. Hayes, N. A. Larson, Dan Adams, James Richards, Ezra Swenson, Fred Smith, Joseph Larson, R. D. Wadley, Mrs. Marie F. Smith, Mrs. Mattie Hill and George Smith.

Republicans Name A City Ticket

Primary Nominates Men and Women Who Have Been Tried Before.

The Republicans held a well attended primary in the City Hall Saturday night and named what is considered to be a strong ticket. Dr. C. F. Westphal was elected chairman of the meeting and M. H. Bullock Secretary. Following is the ticket named: Mayor—John Holdaway. 4-year Councilmen—Albert H. Olpin, W. R. Frampton and William Merritt. Recorder—Joseph Hilton. Treasurer—Mrs. Marie Smith.

Nearly all the nominees have been tried in office before and are experienced men and women. Mrs. Smith was elected on the Republican ticket two years ago, and was this year placed on the Democratic ticket. Her election is a certainty.

STEALS APPLES LANDS IN JAIL

Sheriff East came to Manila Tuesday and got a Greek who had been stealing apples by the wholesale from the C. P. Warnick and Sons orchard. The owners had been picking some choice Bell Flowers and placing them in boxes ready to ship. Next day when they went to get the apples, they were gone. Telltale foot prints and an occasional apple led to some Greek neighbors. The sheriff was sent for and took the one, who had made the track to Provo, where, when he saw a jail sentence staring him in the face, he showed willingness to be reimbursed. Warnick and Sons, which they were permitted to do, after which the offending Greek was released.

Mrs. Annie Benson announces the engagement of her daughter, Nina, to Ben R. Haddock. The marriage will take place Nov. 1st.

PLEASANT GROVE SCHOOL NOTES

B. F. West acted as the ambassador of the Senior class to Salt Lake City Wednesday for the purpose of inducing Mr. S. H. Nelson to return to Pleasant Grove and continue his work in the Pleasant Grove high school.

The tremendous difficulty of distinguishing a Junior from a Freshie, the at last been over come; the Juniors have consented to wear blue dunce caps bearing their numerals.

Great event of the week was Lois' birthday. It is reported that she is of age. Who knows? At least she has developed considerable reasoning power. If you doubt it as Paul.

Things are certainly humming this year. The old theory of virtual representation has gone out, and the students are doing things—just watch that student body president—He's a senior.

The freshmen are now working for the class series; therefore working very hard; and if you will watch, they will surprise the school.

What do you suppose the sophomores are going to do? Wear Caps? No. Wear Overalls? No, you just wait and see.

The Sophomores prospect is bright for getting the most new pupils in school.

When may students vote according to the dictates of their own conscience? For in formation turn to page one of the Faculty's Rules of Order.

A committee from the various classes is hard at work on a new constitution, something that the school is in dire need of.

Have you seen those classy caps the Juniors are wearing?

QUICK MAIL DELIVERY

Ben Walker, our local rural mail carrier has received permission from the postoffice authorities at Washington to use his auto, instead of his old mail wagon and horse, to carry the mail to his patrons on the route. He is the first carrier in the state to adopt this up-to-date method of delivering mail.

The trip Thursday was made in less than 5 hours, that ordinarily requires a change of horses and 8 hours.

GOING TO DES MOINES, IOWA

Roy Smith and his brother-in-law, Stephen Shelley will leave next week for Des Moines, Iowa, where they will enter a school of pharmacy and study the drug business. Both young men have had considerable experience and will be able to secure their degrees in less than one year.

Those nifty Ladies Suits at Chipman's are simply beautiful.

Miss Ivadell Davis has returned home after a month's visit in Spanish Fork.

The Provo Steam Laundry will do your rough dry work; also your feather beds and pillows.

Mrs. Helen Farmer, daughter of Mr. H. W. Wadley, returned to Garfield Sunday after a visit with her parents.

Misses Chloe Thorne and Florence Frampton were guests of Miss Ora Holman Sunday.

You can find most any new style Coat at Chipman's you are looking for. They have such a good variety.

Mrs. John Conway, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Faye has returned to Dewey, where her husband is working.

"The Calling of Dan Matthews" at the Columbia Theatre, Provo, Monday, October 25. See ad on another page.

The Juvenile court will come to Pleasant Grove in a few days to look after two boys age 13 and 14, who shot pieces a government mail box belonging to L. M. Attwood, and then shot five chickens, the property of Mrs. Julia Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogan Nielsen entertained a number of their friends Oct. 17th, the occasion being their silver wedding anniversary. Refreshments were served and an enjoyable evening spent. There were about one hundred intimate friends present. The out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hogander and Elmer Wood of Salt Lake; P. H. Erickson, a brother of Mrs. Nielsen, of Sandy, the Misses Anna Madison, Lily Erickson, Katie Durrant and Jennie Durrant of American Fork.

Miss Katie Durrant of American Fork spent the forepart of the week in Pleasant Grove, guest of her sister, Mrs. Persha Nielsen.

Pay a small amount down and we will put away one of those well made Ladies Suits for you—Chipman's. 23-11

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Chipman made a trip to Logan in their auto this week. Mrs. Chipman remained for a visit with relatives and Mr. Chipman returned to Pleasant Grove Wednesday.

WANTED—1 to 50 head of cattle or horses to winter. See S. E. Walker and son, Pleasant Grove. 3-41-p

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Robinson moved to Salt Lake City Thursday. They own a home in the state Capital where the family will live while Mr. Robinson makes his trips as traveling salesman to various parts of the state.

Joy's Photo Studio open every Mon.

Mrs. W. R. Frampton and Mrs. J. L. And were Provo visitors, Monday.

A Michigan inventor's shears are so mounted upon a wheel that as they are pushed over a textile or paper they are operated automatically.

We never kick at the fellow who does not measure up to our standard. Not all people can be expected to attain our high degree of wisdom.

Are you in need of a Fall or Winter Suit for wife, husband or child—we have them all in large quantities—Chipman's 23-11

S. D. Radmall is confined to his home with what appears to be a tumor on his eye.

Jens Monson and Marie Swenson, respected residents of Manila, were married in the Salt Lake Temple, Thursday. The bride came from Sweden about one year ago.

Be sure to take advantage of the Temple Excursion. See ad on another page of this issue. 23-31

The London 1st Ward meeting house was crowded Sunday evening at the present party in honor of Lloyd Callmore and Clinton Thorne who left Pleasant Grove Monday and Salt Lake Wednesday for a mission to the Southern States.

Joy's Photo Studio open every Mon.

The first lesson in diplomacy is to count 999,999 before expressing an honest opinion. In the meantime any old lie will do.

The physical courage of some people is so great they will fight anything from a mosquito to a gnat.

Provo Steam Laundry will call for your work Tuesdays and deliver Fridays. 2-41

ESTRAY NOTICE

State of Utah, County of Utah, Pleasant Grove Precinct.

I have in my possession the following described estray animal which, if not claimed and taken away, will be sold at public auction to the highest cash bidder at my residence in Pleasant Grove precinct on Thursday the 4th day of November 1915, at 2 o'clock p.m. One red, white faced, short yearling heifer lame in left hind leg, brand resembling N S. on left hip.

Said estray was taken up by me in said precinct on the 18th day of October 1915.

L. E. Allred, Poundkeeper for Pleasant Grove Precinct. 23-11-p

Now is a good time to drop in and settle up for your little home paper—the best country paper published in the state. If you are too busy to call mail us a check or postal order to business office, American Fork, and receipt will be sent you by return mail. DO IT NOW.

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grandchildren for her mistress to see. The three little darlings in calico smocks, stood squirming in line while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked. "Dey's name" after flowers, ma'am. De biggest's one's name Gladiola. De nex't one, she name Heliotrope." "Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the little one named?" "She's name" Artificial, ma'am." Everybody's Magazine.

Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

HOW ENORMOUS PROFITS ARE MADE.

I bought where I could get things the cheapest and where our money would go the farthest. Not satisfied with doubling on the cost of an article: in other words making 100 per cent on your money, I began to scratch and dig for the little profits on the side, in addition to the big profits I made on the price.

For instance, I would advertise an article for sale in our catalogue at six dollars. This article would cost us, in the house of the wholesale dealer, for example, \$2.50. By paying cash I would make two per cent additional and for quantity (I agreeing to take, say 1,000 of this particular thing) I would obtain a discount of say five per cent.

This is how I would figure it out:

Cost of article	\$2.50
Cash discount at 2 per cent05
Quantity discount at 5 per cent125
Discounts175
Net cost	2.325
Selling price to YOU	\$6.00
Our profit	\$3.675

You can see for yourself that when I was making such profits it was but natural that I should deem it proper to spend the money on trips to Europe and up the Nile, etc. Of course, I had plenty of money to spend. Even way back when the concern was in its infancy I always made big money. And it made no difference what the financial barometer said about the money market. I was not bothered by bank failures nor by financial stringencies. I did not have to borrow any money. Of course not. You furnished it.

Good gracious, if you had furnished your local merchants with the cash you sent to me, in advance, they would all be millionaires, now, instead of plodding along trying to make both ends meet.

Take it, for instance, that you sent me an order for a lot of things including hardware. Did you ever wonder why the hatchets and hammers and other tools broke so easily or would not keep an edge? Did you wonder why the locks became broken and out of order? Did you wonder why nothing would work just as it should?

Your dealer in your own town buys goods that he feels sure will give service and be satisfactory. If not you can make him give you a duplicate that will fill the bill. But he is a different proposition. He has to be right there in his store to meet you face to face while my concern is a long ways off.

In groceries, too. It was my custom to buy up what we call "job lots" of any merchandise whatever. If a merchant went broke and went into bankruptcy I used to bid on his stock. I would buy it, for cash, for all the way from fifteen cents to forty or fifty cents on the dollar. He always wanted cash and was willing to sacrifice his goods at any price. Then I would take this stuff and parcel it out. All was fish that came to my net. I would offer some old junk that he had kept on his shelves for many years, as special bargains, and would quote descriptions as though the stuff were new, and yet make a price that sounded low. I would call an article "valued at" say \$5, and price it at \$3.50. It would have cost us about half a dollar or perhaps less.

Cases of tomatoes, corn, fruit and other canned goods were my specialty. Many and many a time have I dug up from the cellar or from the back of the shelves of some old merchant whom I bought out for cash at a very small price, a lot of old cans, bulged out, and rusted and looking as if they had been there for years. And they had, probably. I would set a boy to work cleaning and polishing these cans and then I would paste new labels on them. Sometimes there were no labels and then I could have a lot of fun deciding what labels to put on them. There were many surprises in store for those who bought such stuff at a "bargain." I would paste new labels on such cans as I could not tell the contents of, and ship them out to our customers.

Sugar, that had become wet, and which I had to break up with an ax, salt the same, prunes full of worms, corn meal alive with roaches, salt fish strong enough to float a ship, flour and crackers filled with vermin—yes, I bought all sorts of stuff and sold it at a great profit.

And clothing—there's where I made some of my greatest profits, for the clothing I sold, in a majority of instances, was made by half-grown Jewish girls and boys in what are known to the trade as "sweatshops."

The vest I sold as a part of your suit was probably cut by a sweating young Jew from Russia, who cannot speak more than a half dozen words of our language. He cuts them out in

lots, a pile of cloth a foot deep and he cuts them with a big knife that looks more like a straw or hay knife—the kind you use to cut hay out of a stack with. It's the same way with the coats and trousers.

Then these pieces of cloth are sewed together by perspiring young Jewesses. They get a few cents for sewing a vest. Another gets a few pennies for putting in the pockets. Another gets a similar amount for sewing on a collar, etc. All this work is done by the dozen. So many cents per dozen.

The coatmakers are generally men, but some shops have women because they are cheaper. Most of the work is done right there in the shop so an inspector can watch the poor sweating men and girls at work and keep them speeded up. The poor slaves who sew the garments I sold have never placed a hand on a well-dressed man nor worn a well-fitting garment themselves.

It's the same with the cloaks and suits of the woman folks. All this stuff is cut out by the dozen at one time with a big knife—literally sawed out. The making is done in the same manner. If you could only see the dirt and filth of these foreign slaves who cut and sew the garments I sold you would shudder with horror at the prospect of placing the garments on your back.

Your own tailor or dressmaker, right in your home town, will make you a suit or a coat much better than the sweatshop workers and you can be sure that you are not going to catch any disease from it. You will find that it is sewed better, that it won't rip, that the buttons won't fall off, and that your pockets won't turn into gaping holes. Again you will find that the material is better and dependable, that the style is better, etc. In every way it will be more desirable.

It will be the same way with your hats and shirts and shoes. In fact you will discover that with everything I sold there will be something lacking.

It may look good for the first few times. Then it will fade, the rain will pull it out of shape, the seams will rip wherever there is an ordinary strain, and you will find out that it looks cheap and shoddy. It is.

Buy at home. Get the things that are dependable and worth having.

Buy from your local dealers. It's cheapest for you in the long run, and you are not sending your money out of town. Be patriotic and spend your money at home. It's a good investment for you. It will advance your own interests.

WOODS OF VARIOUS STRENGTH

Investigation Has Shown That Presence or Absence of Tylose Makes a Great Difference.

The reason why one kind of wood is more durable than another is owing to the fact that one contains the substance known as tylose in more generous quantities. Tylose is the material which fills the pores of the wood and resists the entrance or action of decay. For instance, white oak is well suited and much used for barrel staves, where barrels are to contain liquid, while, on the other hand, red oak, which is apparently of the same structure, is not at all suited for the purpose.

A close examination of the white oak reveals the presence of the tylose which seals all the little pores of the wood. Red oak has none of the tylose. For this reason a fence post of white oak will last much longer in service than one of red. Timber engineers who inject creosote and other substances into wood to retard decay long ago made lists of species that were hard to treat, and others which were easy.

The preservative fluids, we are told, penetrate certain woods to a considerable depths when moderate pressure is applied, while others are almost impervious, no matter how great the pressure. Those hardest to penetrate by preservative fluids are those best supplied with tylose.

Eulogy on the Bob White.

The following is the eulogy on the Bob White, by William T. Hornaday, once director of the New York zoological park:

To my friend the epicure: The next time you regale a good appetite with bluepoints, terrapin, stew, fillet of sole and saddle of mutton, touched up here and there with the high lights of rare old sherry, rich claret and dry monopole, pause at the dead quail is laid before you on a funeral pyre of toast and consider this:

"Here lie the charred remains of the farmer's ally and friend, poor Bob White. In life he devoured 14 different kinds of bad insects and the seeds of 129 noxious weeds. For the smaller pests of the farm he was the most marvelous engine of destruction that God ever put together of flesh and blood. He was good, beautiful and true; and his death was blameless. And here he lies dead snatched away from his field of labor and destroyed, in order that I may be tempted to dine three minutes longer after I have already eaten to satiety. Then go on and finish Bob White."